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FLASHBACK

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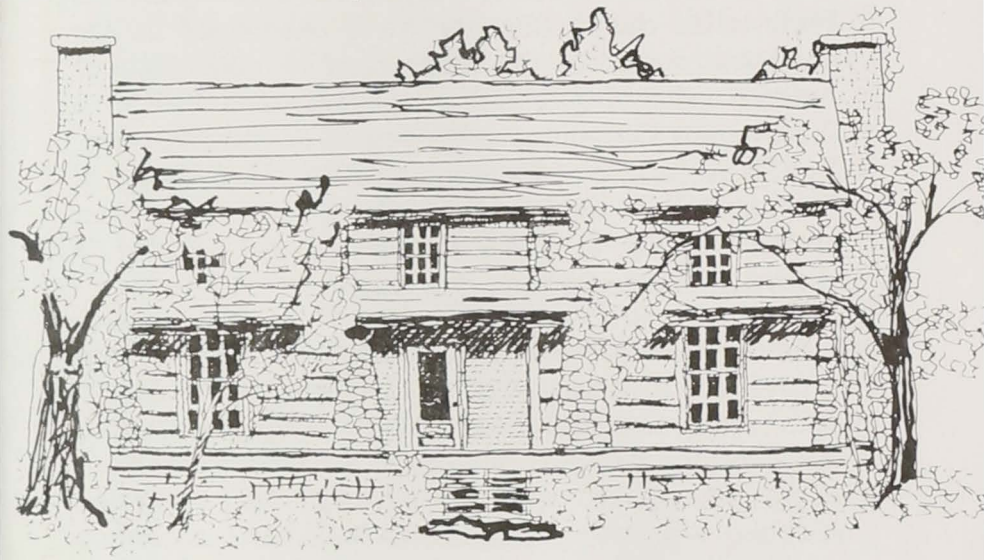
REPORT ON THE HUGH A. DINSMORE HOUSE

by James E. Gibson



Architecture students at the University of Arkansas made this drawing

The Honorable (also "Col.") Hugh Anderson Dinsmore was born in 1850, in Arkansas, probably at Bentonville[1]. He died at St. Louis, MO, on 2 May 1930 [2], and is buried in Evergreen Cemetery in Fayetteville, AR, where an impressive monument had been erected to his memory. Col. Dinsmore was a son of Alexander Winchester and Catherine (Kate) Anderson Dinsmore of Bentonville, AR[3 & 4], where Alexander was at one time owner of one of only five general stores in that town. Alexander was also prominent in the Presbyterian Church at Bentonville, a delegate to the 2nd state constitutional convention, from Benton County, 4 Mar. to 21 Mar. and 6 May to 3 June 1861[5]. He was also at one time (after 1888), Assistant Cashier, member of the Board of Directors, and stockholder of the Peoples Bank of Bentonville, organized in 1888 with a capital stock of $50,000.

We have not found[6] record of Alexander W. Dinsmore's father, but Alexander was born in Pennsylvania[7] on 24 April 1820. He died on 17 February 1894 and is buried in the Anderson Cemetery, which is about 1 1/2 miles south of Vaughn, AR[8]. A Fayetteville Presbyterian church (the one which once stood on the northwest corner of the intersection of north College Avenue and Spring Street) was organized in 1872 by a Presbyterian Committee consisting of A. W. Dinsmore, Rev. W.A. Sample of Ft. Smith, and Rev. D. C. Boggs of Bentonville[9]. In 1884 A. W. Dinsmore was a ruling elder of the meeting of the Presbytery at the Fayetteville Presbyterian Church.

Catherine (also Katherine, Kate) Anderson Dinsmore, wife of A.W. Dinsmore, was born in Alabama[10] 31 August 1825[11], and died in Benton County 19 November 1885. She is buried beside A. W. in the Anderson cemetery[12] (q.v.). Kate was a daughter of Col. Hugh Allen Anderson and his wife Mary Anderson Anderson, probably a cousin [13]. Col. Anderson was born at Logan Station, KY, on 10 July 1782 and died 14 June 1848. He and Mary are buried in the Anderson Cemetery, in the Hazel Glenn area, near Vaughn, AR. After his marriage, Col. Anderson moved to Alabama in 1818 where Catherine Anderson Dinsmore was born. He then removed in 1836 to Arkansas, where he established his final home in the Hazel Glenn area near Vaughn, AR. He was a captain in the War of 1812[14].

Colonel Anderson acquired other lands than those in the Hazel Glenn community, and this begins to bear on the origins of the Hugh A. Dinsmore house. The Platbook of Original Entries in the office of the County Clerk of Washington County, AR, shows, among other lands purchased from the United States, that the following described tract was entered by Hugh A. Anderson on 22 September 1835, to wit:

the S1/2 SE1/4 Sec.13 T16N R31W of the 5th Principal Meridian, containing 80 a. The Hugh A. Dinsmore house appears to be located on the eastern most 40 a. of this tract. Note that Goodspeed's History states that Col. Anderson located in Benton county in 1836; however, he entered the above described land in 1835. On 20 September 1839 Col. Anderson received a patent on the W1/2 NW1/4 and the SW1/2 SW1/4 of S18 T16N R30W containing 229.34 a. (There may be an error here. The description would normally indicated 160 a.) This land would be in the vicinity of Fayetteville's Ramay Jr. High School. The Platbook of Original Entries indicates that Col. Anderson, on 4 August 1838 entered the E1/2 SW1/4 S18 T16N R30W containing 80 a. This tract appears to include the old Washington County Fairgrounds. It might also be the approximately 80 acres seemingly included in a previously described tract. Other court records. (to wit: Power of Attorney signed by W. W. Anderson and Mary T. Anderson on 2 October 1852, recorded in vol. H, pg. 252), indicate that Col. Anderson acquired some 474 a. of land lying east and west of the Dinsmore House. Now, the purchase of 474 a. of land even at only $1.25 per acre represented a very substantial cash outlay in the 1830's. It would seem to indicate an intention of locating in Washington County and thus that the Dinsmore House was likely built by Col. Anderson.

As before mentioned, Col. Anderson died on 14 June 1848, but it was not until 24 June 1852 that a "Partition & Deed" was signed by his heirs dividing the estate property into "8 unequal parts: among the following:

Robt. W. Mecklin & Louisia A., his wife	*Party of the 1st Part*
Hiram Davis & Elizabeth H. P., his wife	*Party of the 2nd Part*
Mary Kate Anderson by her Gdn. A.R.V. Dinsmore	*Party of the 3rd Part*

Wlm. W. Anderson & Mary T., his wife, by their Attny.	*Party of the 4th Part*
Nathan M. Moran & Mary Jane, his wife	*Party of the 5th Part*
Alex. W. Dinsmore & Catherine A., his wife	*Party of the 6th Part*
Hugh A. Anderson	*Party of the 7th Part*
Oliver Anderson	*Party of the 8th Part* .

This instrument was acknowledged before P.P. Van Hoose, J.P. on 13 Nov., 1852[15] and had the effect of transferring title of 474 a. of the land at Fayetteville, including the site of the Hugh A. Dinsmore House, to Robert W. Mecklin and Louisa Ann Mecklin, his wife [16]. This opens up the possibility that, as the Mecklins held the land where the house is from 1852 until Louisa's death in 1874, that they built the Hugh A. Dinsmore House. Mention was made of "lands not herein abstracted" which appear to be the share of Hugh Allen Anderson's estate intended for the parties 2-8 above indicated (i.e., the Benton County and other property?). Next, on 3 April 1869, Robert W. Mecklin deeded to Louisa A. Mecklin, [17] his wife (and daughter of Hugh A. Anderson), all his interest in "an estate of inheritance descended to my wife Louisa A. Mecklin from her father, the late Hugh A. Anderson"; given is the legal description of the lands, which shows that it totaled 475 a., included the site of the Hugh A. Dinsmore House, and was the same property deeded to R.W. Mecklin and Louisa A. Mecklin by the other heirs of Hugh A. Anderson. (See foregoing "Partition & Deed). It was notarized by J.H. Van Hoose. It now appears that on 11 November 1870 Louisa A. Mecklin, daughter of Hugh A. Anderson (q.v.) sold certain lands "not herein abstracted" to James M. Hoge, husband of Louisa R. (Mecklin) Hoge, Louisa A.'s daughter. It

further appears that the children of Louisa A.'s deceased daughter, Mary E. (Mecklin) Fulbright, to wit Robt. E. Fulbright, Mary E.H. Fulbright and Louisa Belle Fulbright (later wife of Ewing Ira Graham), on 22 July 1882 brought suit [18] in Washington County Chancery Court alleging that certain "lands not herein abstracted" but transferred to defendant Jas. M. Hoge by Louisa A. Mecklin on 11 November 1870, were transferred to him in trust as an advancement to his wife Louisa R. Hoge[19]. The court held, however, that said lands were in fact sold and conveyed for valuable consideration to the said Jas. M. Hoge, and not "in trust as an advancement to his wife."

The court further found that Louisa A. Mecklin died intestate in 1874, seized and possessed some 216 acres of land [20]. The court also found that the sole heirs of Louisa A. Mecklin were her daughter, Louisa R. Hoge [21] and the children of her deceased daughter, Mary E. Fulbright (named above). The court found, too, that as Louisa R. Hoge was dead by 1876 [22], leaving as her sole heirs Helen Louisa Hoge. James Albert Hoge, Hugh M. Hoge and Oliver Mecklin Hoge (defendants) to whom said land descended in common, then the said land (216 a) is now held by the plaintiffs and defendants as tenants in common and that they are entitled to the land as follows:

Robt. Fulbright	1/6 interest
Mary E.H. Fulbright	1/6 interest
Louisa Belle Graham	1/6 interest
Helen Louisa Hoge	1/8 interest
James Albert Hoge	1/8 interest
Hugh M. Hoge	1/8 interest
Oliver Mecklin Hoge	1/8 interest

The court them ordered that partition of the 216 acres be made among the plaintiffs and defendants according to their interest and appointed James H. Van Hoose, C.S. Hauptman and W.M. Barnes, residents of Washington County, AR, commissioners to make the partition, if it could be made without great prejudice to the owners.

On 1 August 1882, in the same term of court (see Chancery Record "D" pg. 442), the above commissioners reported that the land could not be divided without great prejudice to the owners. The Court then ruled that the land be sold, and appointed C.M. Henry commissioner to make the sale.

During the January session of Chancery Court on 24 January 1883 (see Chancery Record "D" pg. 479) came C.M. Henry, Commissioner previously appointed to sell, among other lands, "the S1/2 SE1/4 S13 T16N R31W: (a tract which contains the Hugh A. Dinsmore house) belonging to the tenants-in-common last above mentioned (the Hoges and the Fulbrights) and reports that he did on 21 October 1882, sell to the highest and best bidder, Hugh A. Dinsmore, for the sum of $1025, the above described land.

We have thus established how and when Hugh A. Dinsmore obtained the house which now bears his name. We also know that Col. Hugh Allen Anderson was a grandfather of Hugh A. Dinsmore [23] and his wife Co-authoring Anderson Dinsmore, a daughter of Col. Hugh Allen Anderson [24].

Hugh A. Dinsmore's obituary from the Fayetteville Democrat 3 May 1930 is quoted below:

A Distinguished Man Gone

Col. Hugh A. Dinsmore, who passed away in St. Louis yesterday is one more local man of distinction to go to his final resting place. Col. Dinsmore belonged to the Old South and the Old School of gentlemen. His has been an interesting and eventful life, and it was a tragic close that death came to him while entirely among strangers. His many friends here grieve with his son and his sister [25] in their loss. But for him, who wanted to go, it is a happy thought that all is well.

The Hon. Hugh A. Dinsmore was much involved in the affairs of Fayetteville and Washington Co. Fayetteville's Old Post Office, now occupied by a restaurant of that name, was a gift of the U. S. Congress obtained largely through the efforts of Congressman Hugh A. Dinsmore and John C. Floyd. It was completed in 1911 [26].

On November 11, 1918, Congressman Dinsore, J.W. Grabiel and others addressed a crowd gathered in front of the Post Office to celebrate the end of World War I [27].

Congressman Dinsmore served in that capacity for 12 years (1893-1905) and was, during the administration of U.S. President Grover Cleveland, Minister to the Court of the King of Korea, for 4 years [28]. He was also a trustee of the First Presbyterian Church of

Fayetteville and son of one of the church's founders. Congressman Dinsmore was Fayetteville's third congressman, and was a Democrat [29]. While in congress Col. Dinsmore served also as a regent of the Smithsonian Institute. Locally he was a trustee of the University of Arkansas from 1893 to 1895[30]. We quote from Campbell's 100 Years of Fayetteville: "...hear him stir the heroic in halls of state and on local rostrums with his eloquence. There are diversities of gifts; Hugh Dinsmore was a born orator, and more so because of the studied polish of his diction and his ready adaptability." [31]

After his last term in congress, Col. Dinsmore entered into a partnership with Judge E.S. McDaniel, and practiced law for some time, "devoting more time, however, to his stock and fruit farm in the famous valley west of Fayetteville."

Hugh A. Dinsmore and Miss Elizabeth LeGrand Fisher of St. Louis, MO, were married in 1893, and had one son, Hamilton Atwood Dinsmore, who became an attorney and seems to have lived and died in El Paso, TX. His wife was Meta ?. He arranged his father's funeral in 1930. A second obituary appearing in the Fayetteville Daily

Democrat on Sunday, May 4, 1930, follows:

Funeral Service for Mr. Dinsmore here Mon. PM; son to leave St. Louis Sun. PM arriving next day; Funeral Services for Hon. Hugh A. Dinsmore will be held in Fayetteville Mon. afternoon at 2:00 o'clock from First Presbyterian Church, with Rev. H.L. Paisley, officiating. Place of interment has not definitely been fixed, but will be here or in Benton County. Pallbearers were being selected this afternoon following a conversation between relatives here and Hamilton Dinsmore of El Paso, in St. Louis. Son in St. Louis today. Mr. Dinsmore reached St. Louis this morning from Texas, and will leave the city with his father's body Sunday night for Fayetteville, a sister Mrs. Ann McClure, of Oklahoma City, and a niece, Mrs. Frances Dinsmore Davis of Chickasha, Oklahoma, head of the Department of Dramatic Art in the Oklahoma College For Women (words omitted). Col. E.P. Watson, brother-in-law of Col. Dinsmore, with his daughters, Misses Katherine and Polly Watson, who have been in Brounwood, Texas, the past winter are expected tonight.

Neighbors have reported that the Dinsmore House was used as a "headquarters" by one or both sides during the Civil War, and that Civil War artifacts have been found nearby. Mrs. Jim Sisemore, who grew up within 1/4 mile of the house says that when she can first remember (probably about 1918) that the Dinsmore House had running water and bathrooms. Also unusual, she thought, were two fireplaces on the first floor and two upstairs. Anyone who has visited the house will understand why Col. Dinsmore liked to spend time there. It sets on the west side of the westernmost of two low mountains or hills, west of Fayetteville, just under the top of the hill, some 300-400 feet above the valley floor and commanding an impressive view to the north and west of one of the more fertile valleys of the County. On a clear day visibility extends to 20 or 30 miles.

The writer is grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Garland Reading,

present owners of the Dinsmore House, for their kindness in allowing him to examine their Abstract of Title to the property. All information concerning the property's ownership from Hugh A. Anderson to Hugh A. Dinsmore was taken from this document, and the named court records. The Readings lived in the house for many years, but have recently built a new house just below the original house.

NOTES

1. US Census of 1860, Benton County, AR.
2. *Fayetteville Democrat*, Saturday, 3 May, 1930
3. US Census of 1860, Benton County, AR.
4. *Goodspeed's History of Northwest Arkansas*, p.805.
5. *Goodspeed*, p. 70.
6. US Census of 1880, Benton County, AR.
7. US Census of 1860, Benton County, AR.
8. Benton County Cemetery Records, Vol. 4, Pub. NAGS, Rogers, AR.
9. *Goodspeed*, p.307
10. US Census 1880, Benton County, AR.
11. Benton County Cemetery Records, Vol. 4, Pub. NAGS, Rogers, AR.
12. Benton County Cemetery Records, Vol. 4, Pub. NAGS, Rogers, AR.
13. *Goodspeeds History of Northwest Arkansas*, P. 805.
14. *Goodspeeds History of Northwest Arkansas*, P. 805.
15. Deed Records, Vol. "H", p. 254, Washington Co., AR.
16. Ibid.
17. Washington County Deed Record, Vol. "S", p. 299.
18. Chancery Record "D", p. 410.
19. Ibid. It is unclear how proof of these allegations might benefit the plaintiffs, but proof thereof would seem to permit the Fulbright children to share in Louisa A. Mecklin's estate of some 475 a. instead of 276 acres. Louisa's two daughters, Mary E. and Louisa R. were dead by the time of the trial.
20. That land in S13 T16N R31W containing the Hugh A. Dinsmore House.
21. Rather than the 474 a. of her father's estate deeded to her by the other Hugh A. Anderson heirs.
22. Chancery Record "D", p. 410.
23. *Goodspeeds History of Northwest Arkansas*, P. 805.
24. US Census of 1860, Benton Co., AR.
25. Hamilton Atwood Dinsmore and Mrs. Ann McClure.
26. *100 Years of Fayetteville*, by W.S. Campbell, p.28.
27. Ibid., p. 51.
28. Ibid., p. 72.
29. Ibid., p. 95.
30. Ibid.
31. Ibid.

QUERIES

Searching for names of parents of my ancestors Wm. Henry SMITH (1836-1870) and wife Nancy MYERS (1836-1901) of Dallas Co., MO.

Wm. SMITH died April 1870 in MO. Nancy probably came to Fayetteville about 1872 or '73 with the children Rachel, Mary (m. Riley DUNCAN), Amanda, Reuben J., and Nancy Ellen – all born Buffalo (Dallas Co.) MO. Who did the children marry? Did they live in AR or move elsewhere? Would appreciate any information regarding the early history of this family. Mrs. Charles G. Bowen, 4885 Academy St. San Diego, CA 92109-3460.

Seeking information about Onesimus or Lemuel D. EVANS. Onesimus Evans was born March 24, 1807 in Liberty, Smith Co, TN. He came to AR in 1834 and settled in Fayetteville where he engaged in the mercantile business. He married Eliza Wallace, daughter of Alfred Wallace of Fayetteville. He was the first president of the State Bank of Arkansas, Fayetteville Branch, one of the incorporators of the Fayetteville Female Academy and the first Worshipful Master of Washington Lodge #82. Onesimus moved to San Antonio, TX by 1849 where he continued in the merchantile business under the firm name of Evans, Howard & Company until his death on the 5th of October, 1855. His brother, Lemuel D. Evans, was a prominent attorney in Fayetteville in the early 1840's. He and George W. Paschal represented Stand Watie in Benton Co, AR. He represented Fannin Co.,TX in the 1845 Texas Constitutional Convention. In 1855 Lemuel was Congressman for the Eastern District of Texas. While in Congress in 1856 he was elected as a delegate to the

American "Know Nothing Party". In 1856 he lead the fight against secession in Texas. During the years 1870-1871 he was Chief Justice of the Texas Supreme Court. Lemuel D. Evans died in june of 1877 in Marshall, TX. His will is recorded in the Washington Co, AR Courthouse. Please contact either Jim Muncey, P. O. Box 588, Fredericksburg, TX or Vicki Rounsavall, 1949 Juneway Terrace, Fayetteville, AR 72703.

Researching my great grandmother, Mary Ann (BELL) HARVILL of Mountain View, MO, born 23 March 1838, died 16 April 1920, buried Arroll, MO. She is Indian (possibly half). Her father was Sampson Bell of TN. No info. on her mother. She will have descendants still living in MO. Need to know the tribe and current address of next of kin. Write: Harvel, 1412 S. W. 54th St., Oklahoma City, OK 73119.

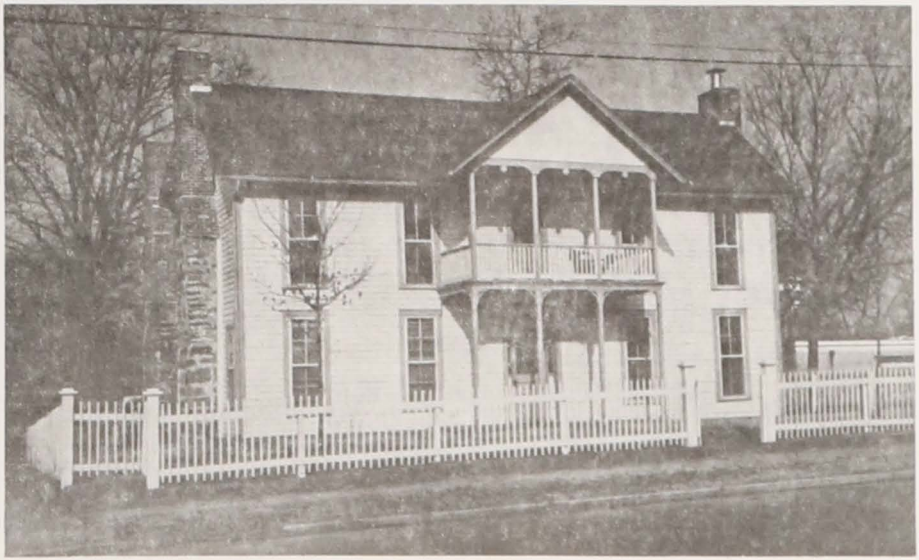
Robert WHITE, b. 2 Jan. 1843, Washington Co., AR, son of William Harvey WHITE and Martha SEXTON, served during the Civil War under Buck Brown, according to ARKANSAS CIVIL WAR BIOGRAPHIES, p. 181. Another descendant of the Wm. Harvey White line said that Robert "rode with Belle Starr."

Robert's older brothers, Wm. Henry White and Jacob White, served in the "Fighting 34th Regiment, CSA.

What information can you give me on Buck Brown and Belle Starr and their roles in the war? I assume that they did not lead organized Confederate units (correct?), but perhaps led groups of volunteers who probably provided their own horses and guns. Did such groups raid Federal supply trains, or did they make sporadic raids on Federal forces, or what did they do?

Did Buck Brown and Belle Starr ride in the same band, or did each lead a group? Contact Lucile White Prior, 262 Prior Lane, Atherton, CA 94027.

Genealogist of Harvel/Cox families would like to know the history of Baptist Ford Church and Cemetery south of Fayetteville. Need date church was established and where oldest records of church and cemetery are maintained, etc. Write: Harvel/Cox, 1412 S. W. 54th St., Oklahoma City, OK 73119.



230 WEST CENTER
Fayetteville, Arkansas

by Forrest Poorman

Sarah Bird Northrop Ridge and her seven children came to Fayetteville in 1840 by way of Georgia and the Indian Territory. Tandy K. Kidd, his wife, Mary E., and their three children came to Mountain Township, Washington County from Virginia in 1842. It seems improbable that these two very different families would ever become involved with each other. That involvement did not take place for almost two decades, and then it concerned a house. This makes for another interesting chapter in the history of Washington County.

Ridge House is considered to be the oldest existing house in Fayetteville. The old home is now well preserved and is registered as a National Historical Site. The original structure was built c1830 for Dr. M. H. Clark and his bride. The two room dog-trot structure was built with the latest known methods of that period– mortised construction, square headed nails and, perhaps, shake shingles. It's original pine flooring and field stone fireplaces have endured to the present time. This type of cabin was also known as a "double-pen," "dog-run house," "possum-trot house" or a "two-pens-and-a-passage." Its basic form was two single rooms separated by an open passage with both units covered by a common roof.

John Ridge, husband of Sarah Ridge, was one of the Cherokee Indians who negotiated a treaty with the United States Government concerning the removal of the Indians of Georgia to the land set aside in Missouri and Oklahoma. The signers of the treaty were denounced as traitors by their tribe.

The Ridges were living on their well stocked farm in the Indian Territory. John had been in the process of stocking a warehouse. Some supplies had been delivered and more were still enroute. Credit had been extended to many of the local people. These people resented the Ridges, feeling that their wealth was a reward for involvement in the hated treaty. When John Ridge was assassinated, Mrs. Ridge attempted to remain at the farm and protect their possessions. The harassment and bitterness of those around her proved too much for the widow so she fled to Fayetteville to establish a home for her children. She wrote a moving letter to John C. Spencer, Secretary of War, pleading for compensation for the great losses they had suffered. A copy of this letter was printed in *Flashback*, Feb. 1974 pp 33-35. The famous Ridge Family and their home in Fayetteville has been well documented in numerous publications.

Joseph M. Sheppard had acquired the Clark House and lots and he in turn sold all of the property (lots #1,2,3 and 4 in block 18) to Mrs. Ridge in 1840 for which she paid $1,375. However, in Benton County Probate of John Ridge Estate, Mrs. Ridge reported expending $2,409.95 in the purchase.

The house was remodeled often, meeting the needs of each new owner. It became a two story house, converted to salt box styling. This style refers to a frame house of square plan having two stories in front and one in back, topped by a roof with a long rear slope. The original breeze-way is now the central hall. The four field-stone fireplaces are concealed behind the present mantels.

Mrs. Ridge b 1805 and her children – Clarinda 1826, John Rollin 1827, Susan 1829, Herman 1831, Aeneas 1833, Andrew J. 1835 and Flora 1837– lived in the home until 1844 when they moved to Osage Prairie, Benton County. They were enumerated in the 1850 Benton County Census. Mrs. Ridge returned to Fayetteville in 1854 and wrote to her sister, complaining about the run-down condition of the house.

A review of records of the Circuit Court and the abstracts for the Ridge House reveal some insights into the Ridge and Kidd families. Legal papers releasing the family claim on all the property included: Susan who was married to J. W. Washburn, Herman D., Andrew J. and his wife Helen D., Flora C. and her husband W. D. Polson, and Mavis M. Ridge, widow of Aeneas. Clarinda was not involved because she was retarded as was indicated by the census. John Rollin and Aeneas went to California in 1850. Rollin elected to stay there but Aeneas returned to Fayetteville and died there c 1860. Mrs. Sarah B. Ridge, mother of the children and widow of John Ridge, had died a few years earlier of pneumonia while residing in the family home.

Mr. Joseph Holcomb bought lots #1, 2, 3 and 4 in block 18 in September, 1859. Mr. Holcomb married Cener Boone on December 20, 1860. The marriage apparently changed the Holcombs' plans, for in April, 1861, they sold lots #2, 3 and 4 which included the house, to Dr. John Scarborough for $1200. Perhaps lot #1 was to be the site of the newlyweds' home.

Tandy Kidd's path in Washington County took a different direction from the Ridges. The Ridge efforts were centered around providing for a large family, securing an estate settlement, and receiving compensation from the government for the loses they had incurred. Tandy was a farmer and a businessman. He began accumulating land, founded a store, bought and operated the Truesdell Mill in 1847 and bought and sold grain. His wife, Mary E., died and in 1840 Tandy married Nancy E. Dyer. His oldest daughter, Ophelia, married Thomas Reynolds. By 1850 Tandy had a new son, Cornelius. Tandy was becoming one of the wealthier men in the area.

The Kidd family moved to the property near the mill on Jordan Creek south of Cane Hill where he also built a home for Ophelia and Thomas. Son Lucius was to attend medical college. William M. his third oldest child, married Mary E. Moore in February, 1861. Frederick M. and Lucius were mustered into the Confederate Army in May 1861. It was during this period that the Ridge House became the property of the Kidd family. William M. seemed to have no inclination to be involved in his father's enterprises. Perhaps Tandy bought the house for William and Mary and not for an investment.

Undoubtedly Tandy also had plans for his younger children but tragedy struck unexpectedly when he was murdered in August 1862. There was no will for his estate. William M. and Lucius P. were named administrators. Lucius was killed in an ambush. William, his wife and father-in-law, W. W. Moore left for Red River County,

Texas. As soon as the Civil War ended new administrators were appointed and efforts were made to settle the many problems of the Kidd estate.

The first mention of the Ridge house and the Kidd connection came in a petition by Frederick M. Kidd and David A. Moore, administrators. They asked permission to sell the house in Fayetteville. According to the court papers reviewed, it is not clearly defined if Tandy had maintained ownership of the house or if he had given it to William. The administrators, in August 1866, filed suit against William to recover a ten thousand dollar debt that was attached to the house. The court ordered William to appear in the next session. If he did not appear after legal public notice, the house and lots would be sold at public auction. Besides the ten thousand dollar debt, he would be held responsible for interest and court costs. This debt became eleven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and the court costs were nineteen dollars and twenty cents.

Court papers reveal that, on December 3, 1866, William signed papers releasing all claims to the property to his brother and administrator, Frederick M. Kidd. One of the papers described the real estate to wit: "ots #2, 3, & 4 in block 18 in the plat of the town of Fayetteville, it being and including the residence recently owned and occupied by the said William M. Kidd." Nancy E., Tandy's widow, always thought the property in Fayetteville belonged to Tandy and she and her children should have received their share of the sale.

The Administrators followed their instructions and "on the first Monday in August 1867, being the first day of said August Term 1867 at 12 o'clock noon, at the door of the Courthouse of said County the said sheriff did proceed agreeably to said notice to sell lands as the property of said defendant at public auction to the highest bidder for cash. At which sale the said J. D. Walker and J. R. Pettigrew became the purchasers at the price and sum of seven

hundred and fifty dollars, being the highest sum bid for the said real estate."

Thus ended the brief period that the Kidd family owned the Ridge House as it is called today. It seems William and his small family resided at 230 West Center and then only for a few years. The legal maneuvering of the Administrators for the Kidd Estate has made the task of assembling orderly data difficult.

In 1873 J. R. Pettigrew sold the property to Z. M. Pettigrew. Uncle "Zeb" and Aunt "Puss" operated a boarding house until the Cory family purchased the house in 1920. The presence of the original house was discovered when remodeling was undertaken. The house was conveyed to the Center Street Church of Christ in 1971 and the historical society purchased the building in 1973.

References used:
Flashback

V 21 #3 ..... *Aug 1971 p39*
V 21 #4 ..... *Nov 1971 p53*
V 22 #1 ..... *Feb 1972 p47 and p59*
V 22 #2 ..... *May 1972 p40*
V 23 #1 ..... *Feb 1973 p3*
V 24 #1 ..... *Feb 1974 p33*
V 24 #4 ..... *Nov 1974 p16*
V 28 #1 ..... *Feb 1978 p1*
V 28 #3 ..... *Aug 1978 p11*

Biographical and Pictorial History of Arkansas, John Hallum 1887
Washington County History, Shiloh Museum, Springdale, AR 1989

It is Always easier to Hate Something
Than it is to Understand it.

Good Writing, like Good Cooking,
can often use a Little Shortening.

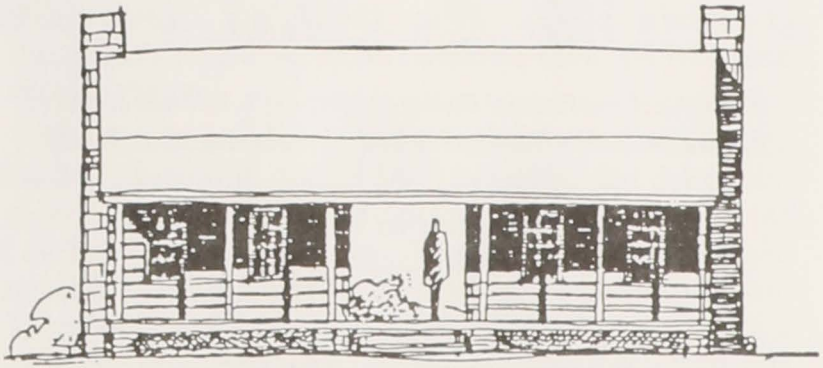
The Dog Trot Log Cabin

Our earliest architecture was pioneer architecture, the log structures that the pioneers built of the material they found here. Log structures never were very comfortable, they never were very satisfactory. Just as soon as the pioneers could get more refined materials to build with they abandoned the logs and started building with sawn lumber and so on.

The Dog Trot or the Double Pen Log House is basic, and this is where it all came from. They simply built two rooms of a generally uniform size: this was the size of logs that could easily be produced, 16 to 20 feet long. Often they built one and then when they had time and energy they built a second one. Often they separated them by a space in between. It was a very practical building form.

But the important thing is this: Once they got more refined material, did they change the form? No. This was the form they were accustomed to; it was useful, it was practical, it served their purpose. They simply started repeating this form in frame construction over and over and over. So, one of our important vernacular forms in Arkansas is the Dog Trot, the Frame Dog Trot.

by Cyrus A. Sutherland



LOG DOG-TROT

The Murder of Johnson Martin Roberts

by Robert D. Plumlee

The daylight came on the morning of December 5, 1862* on this Washington Co. AR farm. Times were depressed as the War Between the States was raging. They had grown worse in the area because both Confederate and Union soldiers were all about and moving.

Nothing seemed unusual in the home of Johnson Roberts, his wife Anna, and seven children. Some of the older children had married and moved away. Then horses were heard moving down the road on the Butterfield Stage Road, four miles southeast of Springdale; near the newly established Zion Methodist Church.

Someone kicked the front door open and men burst into this home. They were evidently traveling with the Northern Army, although they were not wearing uniforms. They demanded Johnson Roberts tell them where his gold was hidden. He refused, stating he had no gold. The house was ransacked. No gold was found. A rifle was leveled, a shot fired, and Roberts fell to the floor as his family watched. The bushwhackers ran outside, mounted their horses, and rode away.

The widow and children could see their husband and father was dead, lying in a pool of his blood. This blood left a stain on the floor for a long time and forever stained the mind of a daughter, Teresa Catherine.

Some five years later, in 1867, Teresa married Adison Franklin Cardwell. Three sons and a daughter were born to this union, but she was left a widow in September 1879 with four small children.

About the time of Adison Cardwell's death, Sarah Fugate Horn, a neighbor, died nearby. She was the wife of Thomas Harmon Horn, and had lately moved from Scott Co., VA by way of Labette Co. KS. Sarah Fugate Horn

left behind a husband and seven children, ages two to sixteen years.

In less than a year, Thomas Harmon Horn married Teresa Roberts Cardwell. This union produced three children, making a family of his children, her children, and their children – a total of fourteen. They were then living one mile from the murder scene. All the girls slept in the big house with the boys in a separate house a short distance away. Food was prepared in a nearby room to keep heat away from the main house.

On September 28, 1885, the wedding of Nicholas Johnson Horn and Cora Ann Cardwell was performed in Fayetteville. They were step-brother and sister. Nicholas and Cora Horn, the grandparents of this writer.

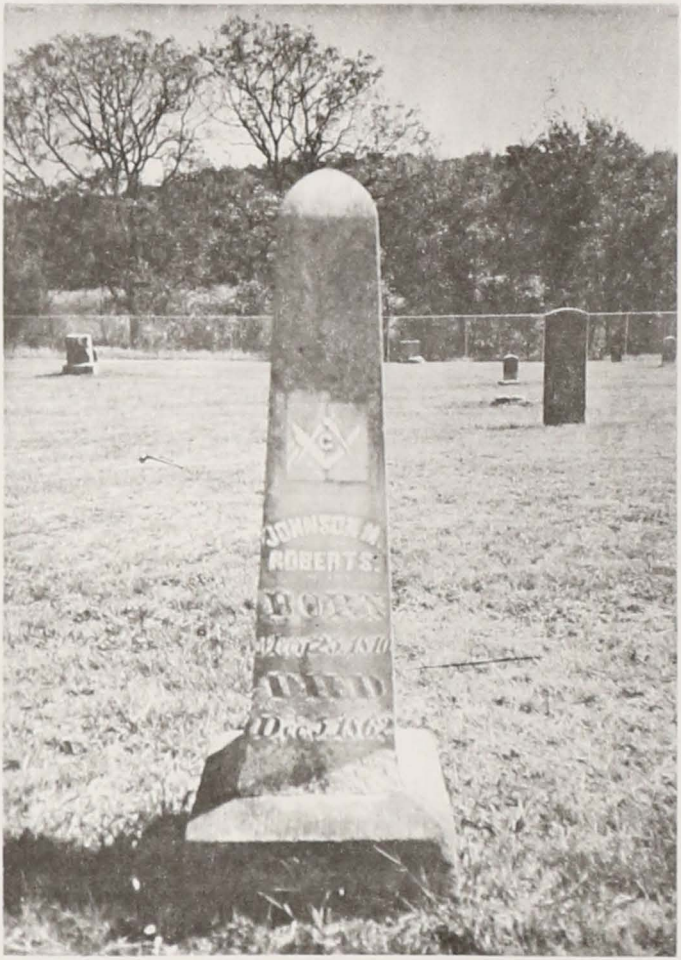
Families in those troubled times had many difficulties. The family of Johnson Martin Roberts had migrated to Washington Co. from Union Co., GA in the 1850's; the Horn family from Scott Co. VA.

This writer has heard the murder story related many times during his life. The most recent telling was by John Horn in South Gate, CA, about 1972. Uncle John was the youngest of the seventeen children. As a child his mother Teresa had told and retold the story pointing out how vividly the blood from the murder had remained in her memory.

Johnson Martin Roberts lies resting in Friendship Cemetery in Springdale, Arkansas as do at least three of his children, Elizabeth who was the wife of Jasper N. Banks, Teresa Horn, and son, Andrew Young Roberts.

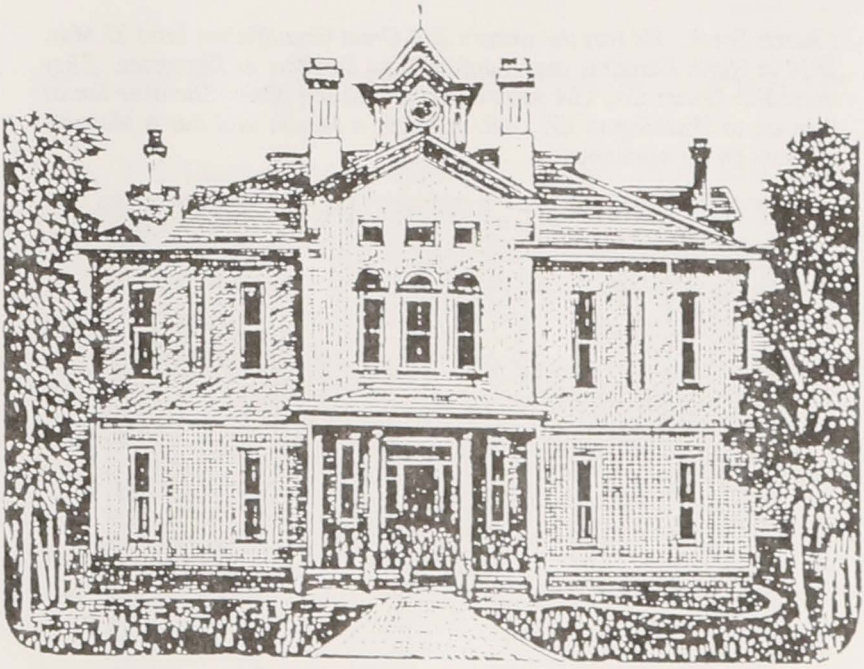
Note how near to date of the Battle of Prairie Grove which occurred 7 December 1862. Many of the troops in the Union Army were being moved into Arkansas from Kansas. The roads through this part of Northwest Arkansas were: Old Wire Road and the Butterfield Stage Road. Johnson Martin Roberts was a charter member of Zion Methodist Episcopal

Church South. He was the writer's 2nd Great Grandfather, born 25 May, 1810 in North Carolina, and married Anna Dobkins in Tennessee. They moved to Union Co., GA soon after the opening of the Cherokee lands; then on to Washington Co., AR. He was a Mason and has a Masonic emblem on his monument.



Johnson M. Roberts
b. 25 May 1810, North Carolina
d. 5 Dec. 1862, Washington Co., Arkansas

A Closed Mouth, Gathers no Feet.



Branch Normal College, Pine Bluff

JOSEPH CARTER CORBIN
and the Normal School Movement

by Izola Preston and Marian Morgan

Born March 26, 1833, in Chillicothe, Ohio, Joseph Carter Corbin was the son of William and Susan Corbin. He was the oldest of eleven children. He attended school in the winter months only, as was fairly common at that time. At age 16 Corbin traveled to Louisville, KY. There he received private tutoring from Rev. Henry A. Adams and assisted with teaching at Adam's school. The children of the influential black parents of the area attended this school. One student attending Adam's school was John Mercer Langston, who became a lawyer, minister, Consul General of Haiti, Charge D'affaires of Santo Domingo, president of Virginia Normal Collegiate Institute, Dean of Howard University[1]. Langston University, in Oklahoma, was later named for him.

Corbin completed Ohio University, Athens, OH, with B.A., M.A. and Ph.D. degrees by 1853. He returned to Louisville, KY where he worked as a clerk in a mercantile company and in a bank as a clearing house clerk. Later he taught school for eight years and helped the Colored Citizen newspaper.

In 1866 he married Miss Mary J. Ward, a native of Kentucky. The ceremony was held in Cincinnati, OH. They became parents of six children, two of which lived. The couple moved to Little Rock, AR where Corbin was employed as a reporter for the *ARKANSAS REPUBLICAN*. Later he was money order clerk in the Little Rock Post Office.

Corbin became, in 1873, Superintendent of Public Instruction of Arkansas and ex-officio president of the University of Arkansas Board of Trustees[2]. In this latter capacity he signed the contract for the construction of the University of Arkansas' Old Main building. Corbin served as Superintendent of Public Instruction until the close of the Brooks-Baxter War which was a serious election dispute over the governorship of Arkansas[3]. The struggle ended in 1874 with a new state constitution and a change of government from Republican to Democrat control. The Republicans had controlled the state since 1868 and the end of the Civil War. During the time of the Brooks-Baxter contest, the Brooks faction controlled the newly forming University. The general assembly passed an act vacating all trusteeships of the University. J. C. Corbin reigned under political duress.

He later taught for two years at Lincoln University, Jefferson City, MO. In 1875 he was appointed principal and organizer of Branch Normal College, Pine Bluff, AR, a post he held until 1901[4].

The primary purpose of Branch Normal was the training of teachers for the African-American schools.

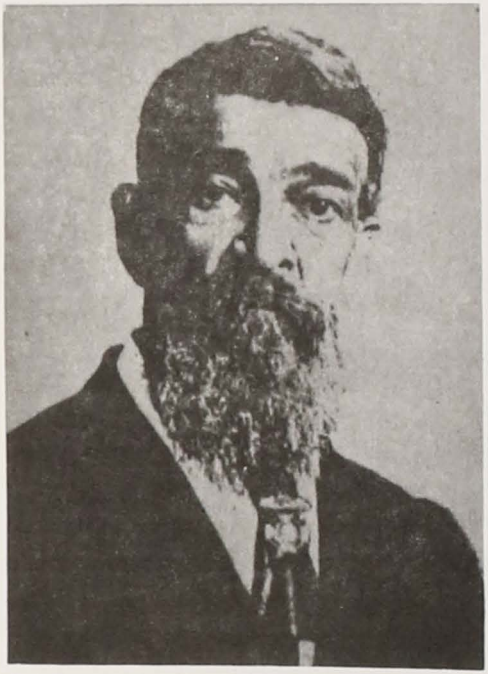
There was no charge for tuition. Age and a five dollar fee paid to the county judge were the only admission requirements[5]. In 1887 tuition was free only to students who signed an agreement to teach two years in Arkansas.

As an educator Corbin held many teacher training normal institutes in Arkansas and Oklahoma. On December 10, 1886 at an institute in Pine Bluff, Corbin stated, "...the demand for well-qualified teachers has been urgent and constantly increasing, and this demand has been faithfully supplied by the students from the various institutions for the education of the colored youth, which are scattered over the South and from the schools of the North[6]. Corbin thought that the normal schools had helped inspire the teachers with a spirit of improvement giving them opportunities to see exhibitions and observe new methods of teaching. Corbin was impressed with the formation of county teacher associations. He and R. C. Childress at the college formed the Teachers of Negro Youth in Arkansas. In 1931 that organization became known as the Arkansas Teachers Association, the first black state teacher organization. Corbin was its first president[7].

Corbin was civic-minded as well as scholarly. He was a 33rd Degree Mason and secretary of the *COLORED FREEMAN* of Arkansas. He wrote articles which appeared in journals of mathematics, such as the *MATHEMATICAL VISITOR, MATHEMATICAL MAGAZINE* and *MATHEMATICAL GAZETTE* of Erie, PA. He was vice president of the colored Industrial Fair[8]. A Baptist, he was Sunday School Superintendent for many years. Dr. Buford Gaines said of Corbin that "No race can boast of a more worthy exponent than he[9]. He read and spoke Greek, Latin, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Hebrew and Danish. Corbin also played musical instruments such as the flute, organ and piano.

Branch Normal College grew from 7 students in 1875 to 241 by 1894[10]. It was under Corbin's leadership that a two-story brick building with classrooms and assembly hall was constructed. A dormitory for girls was built. An industrial department with courses in sewing, typing, and printing were established. Mr. Corbins's daughter was employed as the sewing and industrial teacher for women. Mrs. Corbin, his wife, taught art at the school[11].

Eventually Corbin experienced trouble with the Board of Trustees of Branch Normal College, then still part of the University of Arkansas. In 1901 he left Branch Normal to become principal, Merrill Public School of Pine Bluff.



Joseph C. Corbin

Corbin and the Normal School Movement

The living and working conditions of recently freed slaves and their offspring is a characteristic of the

Reconstruction Period. It was during this time that the first white collar profession among the free people was formed, paving the way for others to follow. There was no occupation which proved more important than education. It was through education the freed people would have an opportunity to rise above the levels of poverty.

Much of the training of the freed slaves had been supplied by women teachers from northern states who followed the Union armies into the South to provide training for the freed slaves. Although the typical northern teacher did not work for more than a term or two, their impact was significant[12]. They worked in the southern educational field until well after the Hayes-Tilden Compromise of 1877. But it was clear that reliance upon Northern teachers was not a permanent solution to the educational problem. As political relations between the North and the South became more strained northern teachers were less willing to move into the southern field.

The Hayes-Tilden Compromise required that all public facilities be opened to all races[13]. Arkansas Industrial University, which became the University of Arkansas, was required to be open to all qualified applicants. It was so opened until policies became clear that there world be important changes in national politics affecting the South. The number of black students enrolled in those early days is unknown due to misplaced records. Branch Normal was opened in Pine Bluff to train black students.

The curriculum for a B.A. degree entailed, among other requirements, seventeen terms (quarters) of Latin, twelve terms of Greek, six terms of French, or six terms of German[14]. Some of these courses were studied at the sub-freshman, or high school level. Although Corbin was classically trained, he could see that the curriculum was detrimental to the needs of black students raised in the Arkansas delta. When Branch Normal offered bachelor degrees, nine terms of Latin were required, three terms of

which were at the subfreshman level. Although three additional terms could be taken if physical geography, or bookkeeping were not elected. Essentially, Corbin discarded the classical languages, some literature courses. Branch Normal ceased offering bachelor's degrees and in its place offered Licentiate of Instruction degrees.

The Licentiate of Instruction certificate allowed students to teach after two years of instruction. This was an unsatisfactory arrangement since students had to continue taking courses to complete their teaching degrees. Some teachers stopped pursuing their bachelor degrees and just continued to teach with their certificates. After several years in the schools the teachers found that additional training, without the prospect of better teaching jobs and more pay, made little sense, except as a personal goal. Many in-service teachers decided they would not seek further training. This caused a drying up of the pool of candidates seeking bachelor degrees. The state took this opportunity to discontinue the bachelor's program at Branch Normal. Corbin could not counter this demotion of Branch Normal since the students were not coming forward seeking bachelor's degrees. Nevertheless, Corbin was determined to reopen the bachelor's program.

The need for teachers was great. The state and counties started working together to open normal institutes. Normal institutes were short courses, usually run when schools were not in session. It allowed teachers and aspiring teachers the opportunity to enroll for as little as a week or as much as a month, under a professor's or prominent teacher's guidance. Institutes were held in Little River, Lonoke, White, Pulaski, Columbia, and Lee Counties in 1898[15]. Corbin participated in many of these institutes as an instructor. He believed if he could get enough teachers interested in the normal institutes they might enroll in Branch Normal for a bachelor's degree. The demand for a degree program had to be created. Corbin was on the front line to create this demand. The

Licentiate of Instruction cost half as much as the bachelor's program. It reduced the number of students. Many of those enrolled were at the subfreshman level. The need for a variety of instructors was reduced due to the smaller number of class selections. Classes became more general and could be handled by instructors with lower qualifications.

University of Arkansas at Pine Bluff

In 1927 the name was changed to Agricultural, Mechanical and Normal College and a standard four-year degree program was reinstituted. In 1972 the name was changed again to University of Arkansas at Pine Bluff.

Corbin was now facing the dilemma of many other educators in southern states. Opportunities for blacks to obtain an education were being undermined. Education was moving into the province of the counties and was a level of administration removed from the state. Since there was very little state of federal money involved, counties managed their educational programs as they saw fit. This encouraged counties to provide normal school institutes which cost less money than the financing of four year colleges. The ability to teach without a four-year degree encouraged Arkansas to de-value education since

those with a degree were not noticeably better off than those without one. The argument that more formal education would be beneficial was hard to sustain. The loss of educational focus worked against black people more than on other Arkansans. Blacks knew that without training they were practically assured domestic and common labor roles. Whites faced hardships without training but they had more options in almost all fields.

Corbin had a difficult time promoting the need for Branch Normal to return to offering a four year degree. The conflict of Corbin with state authorities regarding this matter no doubt caused his removal as principal, although by 1901, when he relinquished the job he was 68 years old. Isaac Fisher, Branch Normal's second president, believed in Booker T. Washington's manual training philosophy. Fisher did not campaign for a return to the offering of bachelor degrees.

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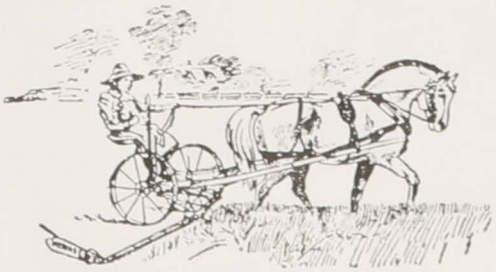

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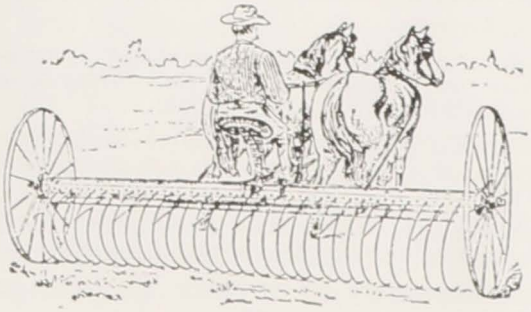

THE UNBROKEN CIRCLE

by Mary Jane Weaver

FLASHBACK wishes to thank Jane Robison of San Antonio, TX, for her gracious permission to publish the following from "The Unbroken Circle".

From the foreword of that book about the McCurdy family we learn "Mary Jane McCurdy Weaver was born to James Donald McCurdy and Judah Ann Kifer McCurdy in 1855 in Arkansas, near Fayetteville. She was five years old when the Civil War intruded upon her family's tranquillity. Like many, her family was forced to leave their home. She traveled with members of her family who joined Ben McCulloch's Texas Volunteers as they retreated to Texas after the Confederate Army's defeat at the Battle of Pea Ridge. During her lifetime she traversed four states, making a home wherever she landed, in Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and New Mexico.

This is the written version of the oral history she related to a daughter-in-law, Minnie Dee Weaver, who in turn recorded it by hand for the family."

—signed Minnie Dee Weaver, 1940

"We have endeavored to retain the essence of Mary Jane's spoken style. We have faithfully preserved her speech idioms and have not disrupted the flow of her narrative by recounting events chronologically, since her telling reflects her remembering and has its own cadence and logic. Because her daughter-in-law, Minnie Dee Weaver, took down in shorthand the stories Mary Jane Weaver told her and then typed them up, you see here the kind of linguistic inconsistencies that mark the evolution of speech. Minnie Dee Weaver retained her mother-in-law's accent and syntax faithfully most of the time.

This book had been more than 130 years in the making, beginning with the birth of Mary Jane McCurdy Weaver.

It is the stories she told of her 85 years of living. It is also her dream fulfilled- for an unbroken family circle. Four generations of women have prepared this work for publication: Minnie Dee Weaver, her daughter in law: Myrtle, her daughter; her grand- daughter, E. Jane Early Robison and her great-grand-daughter, Jeri Robison-Turner."

The Editors, E. Jane Early Robison,
Jeri Robison-Turner, 1985

THE McCURDY FAMILY

My Grandpa Kifer spent his boyhood in Sevier County, Tennessee, and raised nearly all his family before he moved to Arkansas. He built his own boat large enough to carry his stock, his household goods and all of his family (down the Mississippi River). He had three wagons and teams and several cows; he had his wife and twelve children. My mother was the oldest child and was about grown when they made the trip. They unloaded the boat at Van Buren, Arkansas and went by wagon train to Fayetteville near which town they located.

My father, James Donald [1] McCurdy, and my mother was married November 22 [2], 1854, in Fayetteville. I was born in 1855 (August 2, at Prairie Township, Washington County, Arkansas) the eldest of ten children. The first I remember about the Civil War was my daddy's call to arms. I can remember just little sketches about their talk until he got his call and then I cried like a baby; that was when I was six. They first called for volunteers and Pa was about ready to go or was goin' in a few days. We all knew after the call for volunteers, there would be a draft and the men would be compelled to go. I couldn't understand why my daddy didn't wait for the second call and asked him about it. His answer was, "Why child, I don't think that would be honorable. I'd rather go now than wait."[4] We

was living fourteen miles Northwest of Fayetteville at that time and Pa was afraid to go away and leave us that far from any of our folks. He moved us to a place within half a mile of Grandpa Kifer's home. We didn't have very much of anything to move but the teams of horses, a few cows and the household furniture. I remember the house we moved into was small, but comfortable, and there was a smoke house where we cured our bacon and put up our hog meat; we also used if for a general storeroom. Before Pa left, he got one of my mother's sister to stay with us; her name was Aunt Mag, and she was with us until we moved to Grandpa's. At the beginning of the war we had plenty to eat. Ma and Aunt Mag raised the garden, and vegetables was plentiful; then too, we had a good supply of meat in the smoke house.

In that part of the country we called the Union Soldiers FEDS and the Southern Soldiers REBS. Pa was a Reb. Not long after the war started, several regiments of Feds were stationed at Fayetteville. They had not been there very long until they got to raiding the country at night. They would kill men that was too old and boys that was too young to go. I can't say that I remember their killing any boys, but I know that Uncle Jake and Uncle John had to lay out to keep away from them. They killed several men. Among them was my Uncle Joe Appleby; they just went to his house and taken him out and shot him down like a dog; and his wife in the bed an invalid (Aunt Mat).

One day a Fed come to the door and wanted to know if Don McCurdy was at home. The stairway was open and he just said, "I'll see", and started up the stairs. When he got nearly to the head of the stairs my Aunt Mag cried out, "I do wish to God that Don McCurdy was up there and would shoot your head off!" The Fed thought Aunt Mag's words was meant for Pa to hear and he turned and walked down the stairs and out of doors without another word.

One morning we woke up to find one of the horses

gone. Ma brought up the other one and hid him in the smoke house. Not long after this the Feds shot the milk cows and drove the rest of the stock away. They heard the horse in the smoke house and took him. After they killed the cows Ma didn't know what she was going to do; she had five little children. I was only a little past six and the oldest.

By that time, men had got to be so scarce that when the time come to thrash, they had to gather up men from far and near. My grandfather and my seventeen year old uncle was out about six or eight mile from where we lived. They were busy thrashing and the Union men just come and stopped the work and ordered the men in line to march. They took them all the way to Missouri and then turned them loose to walk home. Grandpa was sixty year old. When he got back, he come to our house first and knocked on the door; it was the middle of the night. He called out "Judy!" – that was Ma. Her first question was, "Where's Jake?" He went on home and called to Grandma and her question was the same that Ma's had been. It was a big relief to everybody to know they was both together. I think, though, the shock and grief killed Grandma, because she died a short time later.

That put Grandpa to where he said he couldn't rest for us to be there any longer by ourselves. He said he had room for the two families and Ma packed up everything she had; Grandpa taken it over to his place and unloaded it in one corner of their main room in a pile. The first night after we moved, the raiders come and taken everything we had, even to our clothes. When they started back to town, they ripped three of Ma's feather beds and scattered the feathers from Grandpa's place to town. Grandma had lots of bedding and that was why ours wasn't in use.

It was just a few days later that the Feds come back and raided Grandpa and took everything he had. They come

to the house first and taken every dish in the house. The next morning a bunch of the same men come back and asked for breakfast. Ma had five grown sisters there and they decided they would do the best they could for fear the soldiers would get rough. They did not have anything to put the food in and got some rusty tin pans and anything they could find to serve it. They had nothing but cornbread and a little bacon. The girls told the soldiers about the raid the day before and pretended they did not recognize them as the raiders. They did not tell how, not long before, they had tried to prepare against just such a raid. They had two big chests as much as eight feet long and two or three feet wide. Everything they could find was gathered up and put in the chests and taken to the woods where it was buried. The stock on Grandpa's farm had been taken before we went there.

The next raid was when they come with wagons and drove to the granary and sacked up the wheat – every bit of it – then they drove off with it. They then drove another wagon to a pen which Grandpa had full of hogs. Every hog was shot and loaded on the wagon. After they had finished, they ordered Grandpa to go to the back of the lot; they told him they was goin' to kill him. His five girls commenced screaming and every one of them grabbed him, some crying, some pleading and some praying. They kept with him to the back of the lot and when they got there the Feds turned and rode away without saying a word more.

After this, the girls couldn't stand for Grandpa to stay there any longer. They knew the Feds would come back and kill him. There was an undergrowth in the woods near the house where Uncle Jake and Uncle John slept, but they was afraid for Grandpa to stay out there. The next morning, Uncle Jake, Aunt Mag and Grandpa got on their horses and left. Aunt Mag was riding sidesaddle. They had only a bundle of clothes, just what they could make out with, and in them days they could make out with nothing.

Grandpa knew where the rebel soldiers was camped and they went to them. The soldiers was being transferred and our folks rode into Texas with them [5].

I have heard them tell of their ups and downs, goin'. You know it was ups and downs with Aunt Mag, now! The only woman in a regiment of men!

Well, right along with all the trouble we was having – I don't know just how long a time it was – they burned several houses when they was amakin' these raids. One incident that has always stood out in my mind was when they burned the house of one of Grandpa's neighbors and the mother of the family was walkin' the yard with her baby in her arms; she was just ascreamin' and cryin'. One of the raiders ran up to the woman and grabbed the baby out of her arms and threw it into the fire. The baby burned up and the mother fainted. After the war, it was said to be about a year, the man who threw the baby into the fire went to one of my father's cousins and asked him to shoot him. He had his loaded gun with him but the cousin said he would do nothin' of the kind and have that on his conscience. When he asked the soldier why he wanted to be shot, he answered that the picture of that terrible day was always before him just as plain as it was on the day he had burned the baby.

While Pa was away, everybody in our part of the country had the itch. Ma had done everything she knew to do. My hands got so bad between my fingers they nearly rotted off. Being just a child, I irritated them by rubbing them together and they got just as raw as a piece of meat. A neighbor told Ma to sew up a little sack just to fit on my hands and fill it about half full of fresh cow manure. When I'd stick my hands down in that, hit would fill it full and then they's tie it around my wrist. They made a sack for each hand and i had to leave it on three days. Oh, I didn't want them to do it and nearly had a spasm about it, but now I'll tell you, hit cured it up right now. I've thought lots

of times what a happy time I'd have gettin' that on one of my kids!

Near the end of the war the desolation was so great I could not explain it to you. Houses had been burned and ransacked; no cultivatin' to amount to anything had been done. The stock had been killed or taken away, the food had become so scarce that there was none in the country. There was a place recommended to us where there seemed to be more to eat than where we was living. Aunt Susan Appleby that went with us had a wagon and team; three families of us, I guess as many as twenty people, all women and children and only one fourteen year old boy, made the move. We found it almost as destitute as the place we had left; we come nearer starving there then anywhere we had been. I remember there were days when the women would cook up a wash pot of boiled wheat. There wasn't a day hardly but what there wasn't at least two women out in a cart hunting food and when they didn't get it, we suffered. When they found a place where there was any extra food, it was given to them, but they didn't find many of them places. At one time the women were all out hunting food except my mother and the twelve little children. There was one day that we didn't have anything to eat. The next morning every child on the place got up sick, some vomiting. One of my little cousins, about two year old, was sitting in her little chair in her bedroom crying. Ma went into the room and spoke to her, and she looked up at Ma and said. "Aunt Judy, hain't we got nuffin' to eat?" Ma couldn't answer her because she was crying herself. That morning some of the children was out playin in the front yard and seen a hear of hogs comin' staggering' down the lane; they was the boniest things I ever saw, but Uncle John, the fourteen year old boy, killed the best lookin' one and I don't believe it was two hours from the time the hogs come up there until Ma had the meat cooked. We had nothing but that. Ma boiled it and gave us just a little at first to see that we didn't get sick.

That night the women come in with a little food; I don't remember what it was.

Once in a great while, Pa got a furlough, sometimes for just a day. He most always come in at night so the Feds wouldn't see him. He belonged to the infantry and I have heard him tell that he had traveled all day long in the mud and water and lay down at night to sleep with his clothes froze on him. He wasn't ever wounded, but I have always thought the exposure helped to kill him.

On the place we lived when the war broke out, there was a thicket, a growth of small scrub oak trees. At furst we used to herd the milk cows down into the brush so the Feds wouldn't see them; we finally lost the cows anyway. It was while we lived there I remember Ma goin' down to the brush every morning about the same time to pray; she stayed thirty or forty minutes every time and you could hear her praying if you was half a mile away. It was amusing when it first dawned on me what she was doing; at first I couldn't imagine what that noise was. You know we had no toilets in that day and time and we used to go down that way when we had to go out. I just imagined she was going down there for the same purpose I was. One morning I met her and the thought occurred to me to find out what her business was and that's how I learned it was prayer. I was playing around down there and heard her; I had been to church enough to realize she was praying. I have always believed it was her constant praying that brought Pa through the war without a scratch.

For a child of my age, it did certainly make an impression on my mind; the horror of it was so great hit has stayed with me always and the thought of my boys going to war today and suffering what my father did is just unbearable. I think one reason I felt it so much was to see the way Ma grieved and worried about Pa. There was one battle in hearing of our place for two days. My mother and her sisters were all just as interested as they could be.

They didn't try to do anything while the battle was going on except they baked all the pies and cookies they could carry. When the guns stopped firing, they gathered up the horses and carried all the food they could to the battle ground. I can't remember the name of the battle [6], but it was one of the big ones of the Civil War. Now when they got there, the wounded was laying over the ground. You could see them propped up against trees and some of them just sprawled out on the ground. Of course Pa was the first person Ma was alookin' for. She hunted all over the ground and asked everybody she met if they had seen Pa. Nobody had, and when she wasd about ready to give up, she heard he had been seen just a little while before. I think that was the happiest meeting they had during the war, because she had thought he was dead.

The women went to the wounded; they were the ones to be fed as long as the food lasted. Each one was given a piece of pie and a handful of cookies. When the food run short Ma said she seen lots of the soldiers divide with those who hadn't got any. After they were fed, I think Ma got to talk with Pa only a little bit but she come home happy, knowing that he had been spared.

When things become more destitute than ever, the home folks all talked it over and decided it was best for them to get out and go to Texas. Though the men was fightin' miles away from home, they got letters through once in a while and knew the plans of the family. When we left we had one wagon and the ox-cart. The women had to do the men's work because the men were all away. There were so many of us we couldn't all ride and there was a crowd walkin all the time. We took turns and when one bunch got tired they changed places with the ones in the cart. They didn't travel so fast but what we children could play along the way, and my land, it was fun when a bunch of us got together! Our wagons and carts wasn't the only ones. There was a good train of others. I forget just

how many they was, but I know there was several that wasn't related to us.

Peace was declared the day or the day after we left home, but we had heard it so many times that we didn't pay any attention to it and hit the road. The third night out we'd had our supper and the kids had gone to sleep. All of a sudden we woke up and realized our daddy and grandaddy was there! Pa and lot of other relatives had been in the regiment Grandpa and Aunt Mag had met when they went to Texas, and they all come back together: Pa, Aunt Mag, Uncle Jake and Grandpa. We had a regular jubilee! They joined our wagon train and the men took charge from then on. That lightened the women's burdens a lot.

I don't remember how much longer we was on the road, but you know with an ox-team, it took us several days. Them days it seemed like a life's journey from where we started to where we located; today, hit would only be a day's travel. We stopped at Simpsonville, Upshire (Upshur) County, Texas, and got a great big house. When we got located, the men put in a cooper shop where they made cedar vessels – tubs, water buckets, piggins and pails. A piggin is a little vessel shaped about like a bucket, but doesn't have a handle. The pails had one stave come up higher than the others and a handle was shaped out of it. The buckets had regular bails. The vessels were made out of cedar staves and put together with brass hoops. They were really nice and there was a big demand for them. The men also made another vessel to wash dishes in. They was about as big around as a tub and about seven or eight inches high. When our folks got to Texas, I don't think they had a thing in the world but a frying pan and a skillet. A skillet, you know, that was what they baked bread in.

The folks got milk and butter from a neighbor out about a mile and a half from town and us children had to go afoot and carry it. They were just freeing the slaves, turning

them loose. When the owners set them free, there was quite a few that would refuse to leave their master and they would be allowed to keep them. One day three of us girls had gone after milk and butter. The other two with me was carrying the milk and I had the butter, when we heard coloreds singin' behind us. We started to run and by that time they was in sight of us and when they saw us runnin' they took after us; if there ever was three scared kids, it was us! We got to the house before they caught up with us and when they passed, how they did yell and wave! It was in the hot summer time and the butter was in a bowl with only a cloth spread over the top of it and I clasped it to my breast when I started to run. When we got home, I was butter from head to foot.

At first the men did well with their shop but that didn't last long. As soon as the market was glutted, why, the piggins and pails piled up in the shop. I don't know but what they would have done better if they had stayed, but they wasn't fixed to farm and at last decided it was best to leave Texas and go back to Arkansas. Before we left, my father went to see a man that was with him in his war days. This friend had several rent farms and told Pa he could have one and give him the location where he just went right to it. When they got ready to go they took a milk cow and a steer and put them to the cart. I remember how mad it made the cow. The cow got to where she went right along like the steer did. The farm that Pa rented was about half way between Simpsonville and our old home near Fayetteville. It was in Scott County, Arkansas, but I can't recall the name of the town [7]. Up to the time we got to Scott County, Grandpa and his family, with Aunt Susan and her family, was with us, but Pa, Ma and us kids was the only ones that stayed on the rented farm. We turned over all the food to them except a lunch for our dinner. Everything we had in the world, only what we had on our backs, was tied up in a sheet and that was what was carried into the house which was a one-room log cabin. This had

to do for Pa, Ma and us five children. When the rest of the family had gone on, Ma and Pa struck out to Tafts, the people who owned the place. They lived just a mile from our cabin and the folks went to get some food and to make arrangements for the rental of the place. In about two or three hours, they come back with a load of straw for bed-ticks (Ma had lost her feather beds in the war) and plenty of food which sure did look rich. Best of all, they was driving a milk cow. One of Mr. Taft's girls near my age give me a little chicken, a week or two old. I raised it to a beautiful hen. When we went to leave there a year later, Malindy offered me a rolling pin for the hen; I accepted it gladly because we didn't plan to take any of the chickens with us. Ma had raised quite a few chickens but we eat them and I don't remember sellin' any, but we may have. Today the rolling pin hangs on my kitchen wall and I am still using it. It is made out of dark walnut wood and all my children want it. I don't know what I'm goin' to do with it; I can't afford to cut it up and divide it. It was old and had been used a lots when I got it and I have had it for seventy five years. After I had used it about seventy four year, it commenced to show some wear and my son, Lon, sandpapered it down for me and it is as good as new now.

We made a good crop on the farm, but we had to leave because we was all flat on our backs with malaria. It was a sickly, swampy country and we couldn't live there. Ma was alookin' to be confined any day when we left and Pa was hopin' to get her home before the baby came. Pa had raised a hear of hogs that year and when we got ready to leave us children drove them all the way to Fayetteville. Ma and Pa both took turns helping us but one of them was in the cart all of the time. They wouldn't trust us to drive the cart but they did trust us to drive the hogs. Yes, that was fun for us kids! Sometimes they would put little kids out there though; that took more of our time than the hogs did.

We neared Grandpa's farm on Sunday morning. When

we got near the place we could see a crowd of young people just leaving the house for church. They was about five aunts and four of them had their beaus with them. They was all comin' down the road two and two. Ma was driving our wagon and she seen them before us children did. We could tell when they recognized us; they commenced hollerin' and some of the girls left their fellars and just come ahikin'. They were all kinfolks on both sides; the girls was Ma's sisters and some of the boys was Pa's cousins. We were at Grandpa's about a week when Ma had her sixth child.

It wasn't long before Pa rented a farm near there; our own home was so wrecked from the war. There was no school in that part of the country and I was twelve year old before I ever entered a school room. I had went clear through the blue-backed speller and through the first and second readers. Both Pa and Ma helped me with my books. We had no books at all after the war. Pa tried to get school books for the children and couldn't. Somebody give him a newspaper (they was scarce then) and he cut the letters out and pasted them on a board for Martin, Dave and Tom, the three boys younger than me. He learned them their ABC's and started them in spelling from the old blue-backed speller. That was a darlin' old book! I can't see why it was done away with. The summer after we got back they had their first school out near where we lived. All the schools were held in the summer then and it was not until my last bit of schooling that I remember walking two mile and a half in the snow. I went to three summer schools about two months each time; then a short time one winter and that was all.

to be continued.....

FOOTNOTES

1. Spelled Donnell on Gravestone.
2. Marriage records indicate 12 November, 1854. This could be the recording date.

3. Enlisted in Brook's Regiment, Arkansas Infantry August 16, 1862 until August 15, 1865 – a 3 year enlistment.
4. This could possibly be near the Mt. Comfort Community.
5. This possibly was after the defeat and death of Ben McCulloch at the Battle of Pea Ridge – March 7, 1892.
6. This possibly was the Battle of Prairie Grove.
7. Waldron

A page from advertising notebook printed in 1894. Also, see page 30.

DEERING HARVESTER WORKS.

The Largest and Greatest Manufactory of Harvesting Machines and Binder Twine in the World.

The world is large, and it means something to be able to say honestly that any enterprise is the greatest in its line in the whole world. Yet this can be said of the business of the Deering Harvester Company without fear of contradiction. The great manufacturing plant is a city in itself, covering 51 acres of ground, employing 3,000 men, and having a capacity of one finished harvesting machine and twenty miles of binder twine every minute. One of the secrets of the success of this great enterprise and the magnitude of the plant is the fact that the machines are built complete from the raw materials in this one plant. Instead of farming out to the lowest bidder the work of making knives, sections, malleable castings, canvases, woodwork, drop forgings, and various other parts of our machines, as most of our competitors do, we make them all ourselves where we can watch every move, control every process, and inspect every part, with a view to getting the highest perfection attainable. In this way we have proved a thousand times the truth of the maxim, "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself."

This great plant comprises a complete electric lighting system with 3,000 lights; a complete fire department with 100 men thoroughly drilled, and a full equipment of ladders, hose carts and electric fire alarm stations; a complete telephone system with 50 telephones connecting all departments; a complete printing office with cylinder and job presses.

A force of 50 stenographers is required to write the thousand or more letters mailed daily, while the mail received exceeds in number of pieces that are sent out.

Five thousand local agents in this country and about one thousand in foreign lands are engaged in handling our machines and twine, while 35 branch houses and about 100 transfer houses in this country alone are prepared to fill orders for machines, twine and repairs without delay.

CATALOGUE FREE.

"Roller and Ball Bearings on the Farm," a sensible, interesting talk on roller and ball bearings. Free to farmers.

DEERING HARVESTER CO.,
Fullerton and Clybourn Aves - - CHICAGO.

Washington County Pioneers Living in 1870

(gathered by James H. Van Hoose and Captain Sam Marrs; submitted by Dorothy Ware Wilson)

The June 1870 *Northwest Arkansas Times* published the names and ages turned in to them, of elderly county residents:

PETER MANKINS SR., 100, 37 years in the county; born in Georgetown D.C., was a large boy at the close of the Revolutionary War, remembers well of seeing General Washington's army marching toward Yorktown to attack Cornwallis. Is in good health; rode 10 miles on horseback to attend the "Democratic" barbeque at Fayetteville in the autumn of 1868. Has several granddaughters who are grandmothers.

REV. JAKE SEXTON, 80, 41 years in county; has traveled as an itenerate Methodist preacher over 40 years in Arkansas. he is yet stout and hearty, frequently rides 30 miles in a day on horseback and preaches at night.

MRS. JACOB SEXTON, 70, 46 in the state. (Mrs. Sexton, formerly Mrs. Moore, lived in Franklin Co. until 1860).

SETH MILLS, 90, 35 years in county; has lived to see all his children, 10 in number, grown, married and have large families of their own. His youngest child has grandchildren large enough to go to school. The old gentleman will walk 3 miles to his daughters, before breakfast, spend the day and return home in the evening, on foot.

THOMAS SMITH, 86, 40 years in county; was some talk of the old gentleman marrying a year ago, but think he is a widower yet.

JOHN WILSON, 91, 16 years in county; lives 7 or 8

miles N.E. of Fayetteville, frequently walks to town and carries on his arm a basket of eggs.

MRS. POLLY COOK, 80, 40 years in county. This old lady is cheerful and spry; twenty years ago she saw her 7th husband laid beneath the sod. A year or two ago she was joking about marrying again.

MRS. KATE FINE, 78, 39 years in county, Mrs. Fine walks briskly, speaks quick, hears and sees well, frequently rides on horseback for 10 miles at a time, and is as shrewd a trader as our country affords.

JOHN VAN HOOSE, 78, 31 in county; he is now planting 2 acres of tobacco, which he intends cultivating himself. He cultivated 3 acres last year. he rides to Fayetteville, 19 miles in a day; he has never been out of this county but once since he came to it, and then he walked across the plains to California in 1849. Native of N. C.

GEORGE LEWIS SR., 73, 35 years in county. Mr. Lewis is as active as a young man, had never had much use for spectacles, can hit a squirrel's head with his rifle in the top branches of the tallest oak. Native of N.C.

WILLIAM HENSON, 70, 26 years in county. He is stout and hearty, works steadily on his farm. Came from Floyd Co., KY.

NATHAN COUGHMAN, 71, 14 years in county. This old gentleman has been afflicted several years with sore eyes, otherwise healthy.

WILLIAM M. HARRIS, 70, 35 years in county; stout and healthy.

ELI BLOYED, 84, 42 years in county; has lived in this county longer perhaps than any other man. He found it an unbroken wilderness, and lived the first year on wild meat alone.

JACOB FISHER, 93, 15 years in county; rides on

horseback to town alone, enjoys good health. Native of Philadelphia, PA.

J.P. BLAKELY, 74, 23 years in county, is an active man, and is now engaged to teach at writing schools. He is a fine scribe.

JAMES COLLINS, 84, 39 years in county; except Hon. D. Walker, none are living who were residents of the little village of Fayetteville when Mr. Collins made his advent here. Health good, mind yet vigorous; cheerful.

ABRAM COX, 74, 36 years is county; Major Cox is active and industrious; his favorite employment is teaming, and he occupies much of his time hauling goods from the railroad to Fayetteville. Native of TN.

JAMES McCORMAC, 84, 23 years in county; this social old gentleman is every day greeting his friends on our streets. Native Ireland.

JAMES JOHNSON, 70, 20 years in county; active and stout. Can walk 10 miles a day without any inconvenience, or do as much work as a boy 18.

WILLIAM BOATWRIGHT, 95, 45 in county. Mr. B. would pass for a man of 50 among those who did not know him. He chops and hauls his own wood, goes to mill on horseback.

MRS. BUSHNER 78, 27 in county, married last winter to her third husband - young ladies take courage.

JAMES MADISON (colored), 88, 40 in county; is among first settlers of our county. His beets took the premium last fall at the fair.

JESSEE FREEMAN, 70, 39 in county. Mr. F. is another whose life has not been sweetened by the smiles of lovely woman, but he loves his hounds and his hounds love him, and we dare say there is more music to his ear in their boo-bo-o when in hot pursuit of some thieving reward, than there is in woman's voice.

SAMUEL L. MARRS, 65, 44 in county. (Capt. Sam came with his father to Arkansas in 1817. he is one of the original signers of the petition to change this county from Lovely Co. to Washington. He was also a bidder for the contract to build the first Court House at Fayetteville; he bid $50, and McGarrah & co. bid $49.75. The Captain said he could have put up the building for $40 & made money.)

JOHN HOLCOMB, 73, 41 in county; a Baptist preacher, enjoys good health, and as pert as a boy.

MRS. JOHN HOLCOMB, 64, 41 in county, mother of 16 children, 10 of whom have families of their own.

WM. BONHAM, 80, 41 in county; Mr. B. is active and stout, and is remarkably fond of horseback exercise, can ride 40 miles a day, if the horse can make it.

ALEX ENJART (colored), 75, 40 in county. Old Uncle Alex follows making split baskets, and votes when elections come.

DICA (colored), 70, 40 in county. Aunt Dica works daily.

HANAH BYRNSIDE, 95, 40 in county. There are none left living who saw Aunt Hanah come to Fayetteville. She can do good work yet.

EDMOND BOONE (colored) 70, 40 in county, is very stout yet.

THURDDAY BOONE (colored), 70, 40 in county, wife of Edmond. They were brought to the county by Dr. James Boone.

R.W. MECKLIN, 75, 37 in county. He is the pioneer of education in N. W. AR, was Senator from our county in 1860. "Uncle Bob" as he is best known here, has devoted a long lifetime to teaching the youth of our land.

Note: The August 1981 FLASHBACK contains a page of elderly people of the Elm Springs area, from about the same time period.

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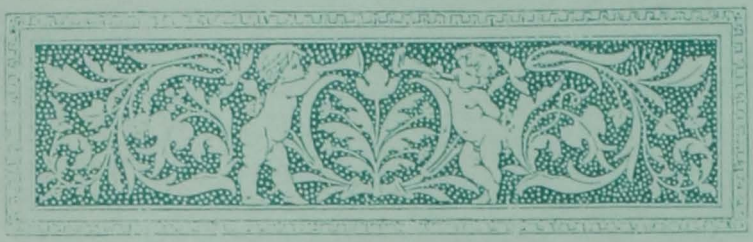

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